

THE
MOURNING SAINT
AMONG THE
WILLOWS:
O R,
HEAVENLY MUSIC REGAINED.

EXTRACTED FROM

Psaln CXXXVII, Ver. 1, 2, 3.

We hung our Harps upon the Willows in the midst thereof; by the Rivers of Babylon there we sat down, yea, we wept; for they that carried us away captive required of us a Song; and they that wasted us required of us Mirth.

ISAIAH, Chap. xiii. Ver. 21.

But the wild Beasts of the Defart shall lie there; and their Houses shall be full of doleful Creatures, and Owls shall dwell there, and Satyrs shall dance there.

WITH A PREFACE,

And an amplified Account of the AUTHOR's Conversion at Thirteen Years of Age,

ENTITLED, THE

SINNERS TEARS, OR GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

The poetical Part is Music, realized and spiritualized in both Books.

By JOHN GIBBONS,
A PROTESTANT PREACHER OF THE GOSPEL,
OUT OF DUTY.

Pervertere Hominem in causa sua Dominus non probat.

P A R S S E C U N D A.

L O N D O N:

Printed for the AUTHOR; by J. EVERINGHAM, at
No. 1, Dean Street, Fetter Lane. 1773.

[Price Two Shillings.]

WE, whose names are underwritten, do verily believe the Author of this Work to be an injured, honest, good man, of real integrity, strictest veracity, and a great sufferer by uncharitable people; yet a man every way worthy the greatest pity and compassion from every true Christian; just in his ways, a man of principle, and a friend to all such as are.

W. Lowther, Doctor.

Joseph Eagland, Manmidwife and Apothecary, No. 44, opposite Chancery-lane, Holborn.

T. Fletcher.

T. E. Wright.

D. Barker, Attorney.

R. Jones.

J. Roberts.

W. Nelson.

J. Child, at No. 91, Tooley-street, as knowing him ten years past.

R. Child, No. 74, ditto.

R. Cook, Plough-street, Whitechapel, as knowing him twenty Years.

K. Andrews, Charles's-square.

J. Peet, knowing him thirty Years.

W. Child.

J. Foot, Stony-lane.

H. Randall, No. 92, Tooley-street.

E. Wotton, No. 90, ditto.

J. Hamilton, No. 95, ditto.

R. Jones, No. 93, ditto.

J. Inman, No. 133, ditto.

E. Hottr, ditto.

T. Pickton, No. 113, ditto.

R. Herrington, No. 151, ditto.

J. Branscomb.

W. Gibbons, Essex-street in the Strand.

J. Innall, Islington, as knowing him near thirty years, as a very worthy, honest man, and one that has been greatly injured.

N. B. The Author to be heard of at Mr. Catherwood's, Gent. No. 31, Bunhill Row; or Books may be bought *at the authors Lodgings,*

THE
P R E F A C E.

O GOD, in what language shall I magnify thy great love? Where shall I begin the rehearsal? If I should descend to depths, lo! it is here, it brought me up from the horrible pits; if I ascend to the heights of yonder spheres, lo! here it is, transacting for me in every form of native glory; or should I stretch my swifter wings to creation's utmost bounds, love itself is here, I find it drest in all its rural glories: love, I say, O how sweetly is it brought home to my human heart.

And she that could dwell in perpetual light, now takes up her lodging amidst our shady bowers; in a word, I am encompassed with it as with a defensive shield; thou hast, indeed, put a glory upon a worm, and furnished each powerful faculty with sublimest graticudes to thee. O, my God, shall I be dumb while birds sing their chanting notes, and every specie loudly proclaiming praises to their God; shall angels strike each melodious note, and sing the wonders of their creation; and shall I forget the more deep wonders of my redemption. True creation gave me my being, but when sullied by sin, and my innocence forfeited, my dear Redeemer established superior promises for me, and raised me to nobler dignity than ever I lost by my fall. O goodness never to be forgotten, and as the kind result of this goodness, O my soul, thy God preserved thy childhood amidst the raging storms of diseases; and when yet unable to support thyself an hour, he kindly fed and nourished thee, sustaining thy days with unseen munificence.

When entered on the climax of youth, now subjected to vanity and evil works, thy God pre-

iv THE PREFACE.

pared for thy admonition, the menaces of conscience to curb thy pursuit; his restraining grace to check thy willfulness; his preventing goodness to preserve thee from final perdition.

And lastly, a yet more marvellous mercy, thy God called thee from gross darkness to the light of life; from paths of destruction, to the most pleasant paths of salvation; and to consummate the good work, he has made thee the happy participant of the riches of his heavenly love, interesting thee to all the dignities of a saved state; having put thee into the possession of the high-born privileges of Sonship and Heirship to God, thine own God, to whom, with the Son and Holy Ghost, be all honour, glory, might, majesty and everlasting Hosanna's, ascribed both now and forever more. Amen.

CHAP.

C H A P. I.

An account of his legal conviction at twelve years of age; how he was perplexed with the emotions of a legal conscience; how also he promised God to reform his way, whereby his conscience was eased. [This was at Orchardly, near Froome, in Somersetshire.]

O GOD, thou art good to thy creatures, as a God of nature, but how much more as a God of grace; here thy love is redundant. At twelve years of age I was under the legal conviction of sin, and I roared by reason of the disquietude of my heart; for I feared his wrath, and his judgments were set before mine eyes. I also knew that my sins justly carried with them the awful signatures of condemnation.

HIS LEGAL PRAYER.

Therefore I said, O God, pardon thou my sins, and forgive mine iniquities, for they are great and many; they are gone over my head as a thick cloud, they are too heavy for me to bear.

I will turn my feet unto thy testimonies, yea, I will righteously obey thy precepts. O do thou remove the burden of my guilt, and ease my sorrows, for I have sinned and done foolishly in thy sight. Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for the sake of thy Son Jesus Christ, our Advocate. Amen.

Now conscience began to be appeased, and her clamours silenced, and I began my rounds of duty, which before I omitted; I went to the outward worship of God, which before I disregarded; I prayed, which before I neglected; I often read, which before I slighted; yea, I had broken up, as it were, friendships with my old companions Sin and Satan.

But all this time I had no knowledge neither of the nature of the law, the scope of the gospel,
nor

6 *An Account of his* LEGAL CONVICTIONS.

nor its promises; nor did I once imagine regeneration to be a pre-requisite necessary to salvation, or that there was the least possibility of peculiar evidences for heaven, therefore I did not seek them; nor did it ever enter into my heart, that grace is an efficacious work of the Spirit of God on the soul, therefore I rested short of it; much less could I think, that the great God condescendeth in this day to a method of conveying the special tokens of his love and favour to sinful man, union with Christ, adoption, justification by Christ, a being clothed with his righteousness, the application of the blood of Christ to the soul by the spirit of God; all those things I was as ignorant of as a new-born babe. In a word, I knew as much of my goodness, as did prove me perverse; and as much of my perverseness, as to make me a Pharisee: true, I intended well, but my best was ill. I would not do an unjust act for the world, yet deceiving mine own soul, I had some sort of the fear of God, but far from filial fear; I had a fear lest I should offend him, not so much from principle, as from fear of punishment.

I had some liking to the paths of duty, but knew nothing experimentally of the vital power of religion.

I had some hopes of heaven, but those hopes were nothing more than the glaring hopes of the hypocrite; I walked uprightly in my way, but all my uprightness was as a thorn, and as a brier.

Some Animadversions in Blank Verse, on this first Chapter.

Some weep in earnest, yet in vain they weep,
As deep in indiscretion as in woe;
Reformation the only rock they touch,
To make amends to God who never wants.

Nature's

Nature's gifts ; profitable to themselves,
But lost to heaven, to themselves are lost,
And to that nobler gift, that birth divine;
Instead of learning this their true support,
They trust their works to make a bramble garden;
Christ, say they, something do, and works the rest;
Thus they jumble Christ and works together,
In making folly flourish still more fair,
And from the pleasure of belief they boast,
Blind their aims, blind their zeal, no grace divine;
To hide naked souls, they spin garments bright,
Tho' in themselves but shadows loon as spun,
Condemn'd they shrink to nothing in the grasp :
Nor can harangues resist strong Nature's stream,
Nor stem the tide of mixing works with grace :
Yet in tempests, their hopes can never live,
Built on the sands of resolution's dream,
And lays their labours level with the world,
Whilst worst of sinners never boast a thread :
Struck with conviction, seeks Redeemer's aid,
Naked, blind, without a glimmering shade,
The modest stranger welcom'd to the sphere,
He enters the ark, ventures thro' the door,
To God, to saints, bound for eternity,
Himself a saint, and number'd with those
Fed by Almighty's hand he lives in God :
Behold him ! seated on a mount serene,
His aspect mild, and elevated eyes,
Lives above the stars, and resounds his joys,

When about thirteen years of age, walking on a time through a field called the Lodge, going to his father's house, betwixt Orchardly and Brookover, near Frome, in Somersetshire; how he was again convinced of the evil of sin, and awakened to a thorough conviction of his state, by the Vicegerent Conscience.

O GOD, what dreadful voice is this which I now hear? Like thunder in mine ears? Hark! my listening soul, it is the voice of some Vicegerent; I see him coming with some powerful warrant in his hand, as though his wish was to summons me before the king. I am at an infinite loss what course to take, to what coast shall I flee for succour? Where is the pavilion that will hide my guilty head? To what summit can I climb to free me from impending danger? Where are the chambers that can receive me into their secret departments, and closet me for ever? Where is that terrene cavern that will indulge my security, and promise my perpetual escape? But alas all in vain, I seek your retreat, I have heard the king is merciful; may that hope support my trembling soul; But am I not come too late? Is not the day of grace past? Is there no balm of Gilead left for me? Are heaven's gates shut? What striking thoughts, wilt thou O most holy, shew compassion to a dead sinner? If I look within, I see nothing but guiltiness; if into the word of God, not a prophet, but pronounces his vindictive woes against me; if I read the gospels, our Saviour tells me, except I pass through the laver of regeneration, there can be no salvation; if I read the epistles of the holy apostles, they all unite to tell me, except I receive the Holy Ghost, I am none of Christ's; if

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If I look upwards to the heavens, I see an angry God, and myself the victim; if I look about me into the world, the fields and fountains take their part against me, and heaven and earth conspire to aggravate my sins; not a luminary, but seem to shed their baneful frown. O God, what rest can I find, when my Creator censures me for my sins; and my guilty conscience, as a swift harbinger, to witness against me, and indicate condemnation to my state?

O thou eternal Ruler of the sky,
From thrones of bliss, look down with tender eye;
See the afflicted sinner drown'd in tears,
Comfort my dying soul and ease her cares.

C H A P. III.

He is grieved for his sins, but is awfully convinced, that the chief malady lies in the state of his soul, with the depravity thereof, namely, the incapacity of her faculties, and her estrangedness from the object.

O GOD! what a mixture of confusion do I now feel; I fear lest my sins should undo me, and the state of my soul is as grievous as my sins; I dread the approaching evening, lest my Judge should descend with the shout of the archangel's trump, and find me unprepared for the solemn test; I have no oil in my lamp, the whole texture of my soul is distuned; and all her faculties unhinged from the purest object, and sin has made them inadequate to hold converse with heaven. I, therefore, in the language of David, beseeching thee to create in me the clean heart, and do thou renew within me the right spirit.

What but almighty grace, in its operations, can make an heart, as hard as an Adamantine stone, soft and flexible.

B

My

10 THE SINNERS TEARS: OR,

My heart is proud, therefore it opposeth every divine impression; it is ignorant, and yet has no desire to learn.

It is implacable, therefore it cannot easily be open to conviction; its bias is crooked, yet it doth not like to be made straight; its principles are bad, yet it is easily persuaded they are very good; its propensities are evil, yet it imagines not so evil as some would persuade it; it is deceitful and desperately wicked before God, yet how apt is it to imagine it has some good properties.

O God! how wretched must that heart be, to stand in need of no less power than thine to new create it; let thine Almighty power form my heart afresh, and thy grace alone can transmute it to thy praise. Send down thine all-sanctifying spirit to make it holy, and let thy vivifying spirit quicken my dead soul. Let thy divinity spiritualize my ghostly frame; fix the objects of my affections in thyself; here wind up the clew of my primeest attention; O my God, regenerate all the faculties of my soul.

But what evidence have I, that this new heart and right spirit will be given me? Is it not the promise of thy new covenant? Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

A new heart also will I give you, and a right spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the heart of stone out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh.

This promise fulfilled, O my soul, will at once heal all the wounds and bruises of a lapsed state—Then shall I be freed from the malign bondage of sin and death. Then, O then, I shall be a temple fit for God; O how blessed shall I be to hold communion with that God, who now holds me at an infinite distance; where is that kind advocate that will usher me into the divine presence, and proclaim aloud my acceptance with him. O my God,

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God, it is thy brow that makes me mourn; remove but the frown, and a smile from thee shall make me rejoice, a smile from thee, Lord, one smile shall be as paradise opened, and my soul shall be as the regions of the blessed.

To know thy love, to feel thy favour,

Is all my wish in this state of woe,

O for a relish and a flavour,

That I myself and thee may know.

C H A P. IV.

By this time he thought he heard an unhallowed voice, as one speaking to him in these words. O thou fool, dost thou begin to think about religion, and lose all the comforts of life, and the pleasures of the world: startled at this speech, he found it to be from the enemy, he therefore with more earnestness seeks God.

O GOD! have mercy upon my poor languishing soul, shall I harken to the enemy of my God? What unhallowed voice is this that tells me, I shall lose all the pleasures of the world if I am religious? What is the world to me if I lose my soul, and the everlasting favour of God?

Everlasting did I say, O the solemn sound! Was a future state determined with some period, tho' of the remotest distance the hopes of the miserable should alleviate each shock.

O Abaddon, for this is thy proper name; for thou sacrificest lives and souls upon the torrid plains of destruction; thou persuadest the youth, that religion is the only engine to melancholy, and the loss of social entertainments; thou persuadest the aged are come too late, and that God will never

Abaddon, *Abaddon*, i. e. a destroyer, one of the names given to the Devil; in like manner, Satan signifies an adversary, slanderer, or accuser.

receive them into favour; thou persuadest the ignorant, religion hath too many mysteries for their dulness to comprehend; thou persuadest the more polite world, that religion is too mean a subject for their application and attention; thus poor souls are deceived by thy cruel machinations.

O God! shew mercy to me, a poor sinner; deliver me for thy name sake, though justly condemned to die; I have offended thee days without number; I abhor myself in dust and ashes, not a child-like action, but was un sanctified. When shall my feet turn unto thee in truth? I dwell on the precipice of continued horror. But wilt thou cast off for ever? O give me grace; let a poor forlorn sinner look up and see Jesus; with both of his hands stored with covenant blessings for him, for me, Lord, for me. O let thy loving-kindnesses and tender mercies be shewed to me, a poor sinner, dead by law and justice. Against thee, and thee only, have I sinned; O God, what is this, what have I done? Had my offence reached man only, it had been nothing; but I have sinned against infinity itself, the Majesty of heaven, the King of glory, my Creator and Preserver.—When I read these words in the book of God, he that created thee, will shew thee no mercy; and he that formed thee, will shew thee no favour; they are as arrows in the new made wound. O my God, what can friendships do for me, except thou art my friend? What good shall pity do me, except I have the pity of my God? What good can all the compassion I meet with here be to me, without the compassions of a God? If I am to be cut off from the root of my felicity, what besides can make me happy? If I am to be absented from the fountain, what streams can compensate? To be excluded from thy light, what brightness can I challenge? If my sun abandon me, what beams
can

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can cheer me? Can trees, birds, assemblies, springs, rivulets, groves, towns, cities, be instead of God to me? No, all is gloom, all is darkness. Can crowns, scepters, nobility, empires, mountains of gold and silver be in God's stead to me? No, all these I esteem as mere bubbles and delusions. O my God, this single pronoun my God, spoken with sweet assurance from the heart; such an interest shall be more to me than worlds. Can all the globe, or ten thousand globes, minister the least shew of pleasure to me, when thou art the superlative object of all complacential delight? Let not my Creator withhold himself from me; nor deny me the happiness of his clemency; then shall my soul be caught up to fix in silent tranquility, here on the lofty summit of her bliss; true, Lord, I am a poor insolvent debtor, having nothing to recommend me to thy favour; my very tears condemn me, and are the strongest testimonies of my guiltiness; my prayers and supplicating breath do but aggragate my misery; O sprinkle them with the blood of thy covenant. I cry to thee in the agonizing surges of my soul, God be merciful to me, a sinner; a poor sinner, who has forfeited every divine benefit. I cannot come to thee with a better name, if I could I would, but this is the creature's proper name; thou pitiest sinners, Lord pity me; let thy poor empty creature be filled with thy divine graces; let him be the blessed subject of all thy mercy, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Lord, shall a poor sinner die in his gore,
His tears and cries buried in the dust,
Thy graces treasur'd in magazines store,
To save sinners, thou art both good and just.

C H A P.

When Abaddon found that he was in good earnest about the eternal interest of his soul, he molested his mental frame with all manner of blasphemous injections, which added very much to those terrors and fears already felt.

O GOD! what vile execrable injections are those? Are they indeed injections, or from mine own naughty heart; if from mine own heart, what a poor undone creature; sure none more miserable! Is not this the sin which our Saviour saith, shall not be forgiven in this world, nor that to come, Mat. xii. 31. O this text, it adds greatly to my wound, and afresh binds up with horrors the powers of my soul. I am bound, indeed, bound by those judicial fetters; who will loose my chain? What potent messenger will come and break my bands asunder? Anxiety now fills my laboring breast, and a strong contest ensues betwixt the powers of darkness and my conflicted soul. I will arise and go to thy ministers, peradventure they may restore my broken frame. He went to the Rev. Mr. Hennhood, and is somewhat eased; blessed and praised be the hope thy ministers give me, they say it is impossible I should sin in this unpardonable way.

Note, It is impossible any illiterate person should commit this sin; mere injection of thought by Satan will not come near it; and some ministers are of an opinion, that in this day if ever committed.

Cruel foe, what cruelty so great,
War with one who never enter'd field,
Stripling so tender and incomplete,
Without sword, or buckler, or the shield.

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C H A P. VI.

He reads the sweet promises of the gospel, but they were no comfort to him, being non-appropriated to his soul.

O MY God, what sweet promises do I not read in thine holy oracles, as though the great God would allure, by his redundant favours, such poor sinners as myself. Our dear Redeemer said in the days of his flesh, O every one that thirst, let him come unto me and drink. Again, Come † unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. The Holy Ghost saith, ‡ Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him turn unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon. Thus saith the Lord, § Seek ye me, and ye shall live. ¶ I never said to the house of Israel seek ye me in vain. Again, * † Let us reason together, saith the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as snow, and though they be red as crimson, they shall be as wool. Again, the apostle saith, ‡ whosoever call on the name of the Lord, shall be saved, with many others. O God, how comfortable are thy words; they are spirit and life for poor sinners. O how pleasant to behold; I am exceeding glad to find those written epistles; I believe them to be from heaven. O could I but call them mine, I would rejoice in their quintessence and glory; one of those divine promises applied to my soul, shall cause my bones to rejoice, and my soul should be as a star of the first magnitude; but to read those sacred promises in thy book, though pleasant, yet not sufficient. O God, let thy refreshments come from above,

John vii. 37.

† Mar. xi. 28.

‡ Isa. lv. 7.

¶ Amos vi. 6.

§ Jer. xxix. 13.

* † Isa. lv. 13.

and

and string my heart with those golden links; then, O then, I shall lay in my claim to the promises of eternal life; but can I trust any one promise as they are recorded, without presumption? Let the Holy Ghost apply them to my heart, and each one shall be clothed with hallowed virtue. True, I come to thee weary and heavy laden; I am weary of my old companions, sin and Satan; laden with the weight of my guiltiness; yet I believe Jesus Christ is able to save me to the uttermost; but is he willing, here lies the wound. Will he look upon such a contemptible worm? He can make an unworthy creature, worthy; a sinner, a saint. I am unworthy of his notice, yet he can receive me into favour; I have no merit to procure my acceptance with him; yet, through the meritorious Redeemer, he can, in a divine way, accept of me; I have nothing to offer, yet mercy is proposed to such who hath nothing. My soul, stand thou still; wait thou at mercy's gate; the generous tokens of divine favour is a mere gift, therefore he will magnify the freedom of his grace. Grace is a grant; stoop my soul to its flowing channels, for thy sinfulness shall never obstruct its sincerity; it will prepare thy unpreparedness; its simplicity can correct thy wickedness and unbelief. O God, give me some token for good, for I admire the feeling distributions of thy grace, as I do acknowledge the sweet oracles of heaven. O, I see afar, how gracious are the promises of thy lips, and how happy the possessor of them; their sublimity and fitness do open my heart to each ardent wish. O, my God, teach me the way to thee; put me into the happy state of the godly, then the paths of godliness should not be as the untrodden path of the estranged traveller. I want to be acquainted with thee as my God, to find thee clothed with the beaming robes of

com-

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passion. O turn thy face, thy lovely face, to me,
that I weep no more ; I ask those things through
Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with thee, the
Father and the Holy Ghost, be everlasting praises.
Amen.

I'll wait with patience on my God;
And look with longing eyes,
Come some kind promise from the Lord,
That blessing from the skies.

C H A P. VII.

At a certain season his trouble about sin was laid dormant, sorrows by degrees subsiding ; he is afraid of being left to carnal security.

O GOD ! what manner of ease is this which I now feel ; my guilt subsiding, the intolerable burden alleviating ; my anxiety about a futurity on the decline ; but can I be satisfied, when I am as yet in the hands of mine enemy ? But shall I return again to the service of sin and Satan ; resolved, with a becoming resolution through grace, never to subscribe my name to that black list. True, I hear not the alarms of conscience as before, nor is my unhallowed soul pregnant with grievances. Unhallowed soul did I say, what name suits it so well, when the Lord knows my sins are still upon me, and stand in the light of his countenance ; for not a promise can I claim that they are pardoned ; nor have I ever come to the blood of sprinkling, nor has ever this blood been shed on my guilty soul ; I have never felt the comforts of the Holy Ghost, much less sealed up by it unto the day of redemption. I am not as yet adopted into the family of heaven, because I am destitute of the witness of adoption in my heart ; I have never gone as yet to my house justified, nor

do I experimentally know any thing of the light of God's countenance, the brightness of his glorious presence, the shinings of his face, and how unspeakably ignorant am I of the assurances of eternal life, or even a faith productive of it. In a word, I am far from a state of regeneration, therefore justly fear the approaching evening, lest this night I see Jesus Christ coming in the clouds, and I stand before the grand audit; therefore be gone, false peace, and don't delude me, ye powers of darkness. O my God, I am a poor sick sinner, let my sweet physician come to me; I am a wounded sinner, let not my wounds be slightly healed; I am a desperately ignorant sinner, give me the special knowledge of thee, my God, a soul-saving knowledge of a God in Christ; I am a condemned sinner, O free me from deserved condemnation, by the application of the Redeemer's merits to my heart; I am a sinner in bonds, break asunder the weighty chain that binds me; I am a sinner in prison, Lord unlock the prison doors and set me free; I am a sinner in a lethargy, Lord rouse me from my deep sleep; I am a sinner of the fallen race, Lord bring me up from my grave of corruption; I am an hard-hearted sinner, let the oil of thy grace mollify my hard heart. O diffuse abroad the sanctimony of thy spirit, that my powers may praise thee; that being made fit to hold communion with thee here, I may live with thee for ever, through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom with the Father and the Holy Ghost be all possible honours ascribed. Amen.

Amen.

He desireth to read good books; he meets with a book called Mr. Dyer's Golden Chain; here he reads of the sufferings of Jesus Christ, that had he been born a Pagan, those things could not seem more mysterious to him; his going upon a mountain, there venting his soul in surges of grief and affliction.

BLESSED and ever adorable Jesus, thou Son of the living God, never was I so well acquainted with the mystery of thine holy incarnation, and extensive sufferings as now; my heart is pregnant with thy grief, and I feel thy sorrow. Didst thou bleed and die for such poor sinners as me? Was it my sins, dear Jesus, that bruised thee and put thee to grief? Was it my sins that pierced those delicate hands and feet, and caused rude iron to tear them, and fastened thee to the cross? Was it my sins composed that ignominious crown of thorns for that head, that once wore a weighty crown of glory? Was it my sins that divested him of the sceptre of kingdoms, to be mocked with a sceptre of reeds? Was it my sins that made him a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief? Was it my sins that made him weep and mourn in secret places? Was it my sins that was the cause of his sweating drops of clodded blood in the garden, falling down upon the ground? Was it my sins that put the bitterest cup into his hand to drink, that none dare to drink, and drank the very dregs, that I might partake of his cup of salvation? Was it my sins that dragged my Redeemer to man's tribunal, who was Judge of worlds? Was it my sins that imposed the cross on that sacred shoulder, that bore up the pillars of the earth? Was it my sins that arraigned him before Pontius Pilate as the chief of criminals, to rescue and save me from the indictment of just crimes?

crimes? Was it my sins that condemned him to die a most shameful death for me, that deserved to die eternal death? Was it my sins that substituted him under the sentence of God's judicial law, who deserved to bear the weight of it for ever? Was it my sins that put the vinegar and gaul to his mouth, which, if I had tasted, would have proved my final overthrow? And, lastly, he bowed his awful head and said, it is finished; that my happiness might not be incomplete, he is dead that sinners might live forever. He is gone before to perfume and sanctify the grave for us; he rose from the death, that we might be quickened and restored to spiritual life; thou sittest at the right hand of Majesty, to intercede for us. O let that interceding breath mention my worthless name, and plead the merits of thy life, blood, and death, for me. Amen. Amen.

This one interview of a crucified Christ, together with his sympathy, and affectionate tears for him, turned up greatly to his information, and indicated a gospel repentance; though of this last particular he was not then sensible of, yet was made good the saying of the prophet, Zech. xii. 10. they shall look upon me whom they have pierced; and they shall mourn for him, as one mourneth for his only Son; and they shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for his first-born.

C H A P. IX.

Since reading this author, together with the affectionate sympathy arising from the tragedy, which acquainted him with the way of salvation by Jesus Christ, and also the power of religion on the hearts of others; hereby he is seeking more sensibly, and vehemently longing to be interested in his redemption.

O GOD! now let me never forget what thy dear Son has done and suffered for poor sinners,

GRACE TRIUMPHANT. 21

ners, like unto me; did I say like unto me? Was there ever a sinner so desperately unworthy the favour of a God? O that I could be so happy to be numbered with those who have found mercy; yea, to be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord, would be an honour too great. O happy, thrice happy souls were those, to whom our blessed Redeemer dropt the sacred word, saying, follow me. Blessed Zaccheus, that heard thy Redeemer say, haste down from thy tree; for this is the day of salvation to thee and thine house. Blessed Mary Magdalen, to whom thy Redeemer said, thou hast chosen that good thing which none can take from thee. But blessed, trebly blessed, were thy disciples, who constantly heard those illuminating doctrines drop from thine hallowed lips; who possessed thy amorous and lenitive conversation; who saw the divinity of thy person, the miraculous works of thy Godhead, and heard that majestic voice over Lazarus's grave, come forth, Lazarus, from thy grave; though dead, thou shalt live. Yea, blessed to the utmost were those, who participated of thy inviolable friendships, and shared amongst themselves the ardor of thy affectionate heart. Well might the impotent man leap for joy when he said to him, son be of good cheer. Happy man, thy Redeemer calls thee his child. But when he lets thee know thy sins shall not nullify thy heirship, and says, thy sins are forgiven thee, no wonder to see thee run to thy house with thy couch. Well might I, Lord, be shy of thy ministers and people; will God hear their prayers for me? Or will they tell me, point blank, that their God will shew me no favour? Banish my fears, make me then, O Lord, of that happy number, who know the joyful sound. O! what a happy people are they who hear Christ's voice, that are justified freely by his righteousness. They have
on

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on Christ's seamless and immaculate coat, therefore they have the indulgence of divine presence, the richest tokens of their Father's love; they are adopted into his family; they have a right to all the communications of his grace; they have received his Holy Ghost into their hearts; his comforts are theirs, his graces are theirs; his counsels are theirs, his promises are theirs, his engagements are theirs; their very persons are precious in his sight; their prayers ascend to his royal throne; their services are sanctified by the golden altar; their consciences purged from legal works; they are denizens of a free city; they are sons and heirs of a kingdom; they are members of Christ's mystical body; they are the dear disciples of Jesus Christ; Christ's Father is their Father, his God their God; Christ is the Father's son by essential properties, they are his sons by adoption liberties; and because they are sons, they have received the spirit of adoption into their hearts, and can, from a well grounded confidence, cry Abba, Father; to whom, through Jesus Christ, be all manner of praises, both now and for ever more. Amen. Amen.

O for a part in their lot,
Lord, make me but one of thine;
I will repent with thy flock,
'Till by faith I call thee mine.

C H A P. X.

By hearing the word preached, and applying himself to reading, he is made to understand there are such things as the whisperings of the spirit of God, which engaged greatly his attention at Grace's throne. For the knowledge of them he goes into a distant field, some way from his father's house, to pray for those divine manifestations.

O My God, what is this? I have now heard
of the whisperings of the spirit. What are
these?

these? I am a stranger to these matters; yet they are like the universal salve to my wounded soul. O how salutary, if by me experienced. Could I but hear those divine whisperings, I am felicitated for ever; I give up all mine own wisdom for this heavenly knowledge; I am very indifferent what men may think of me, if I can but come at this blessed goal of unparalleled happiness. O my God, teach thou me, who am but a babe. I will carefully arise, and in yonder field address my heavenly Father; I will pour out my soul before him; I will wrestle with him; my soul longs for those divine breathings. O, for some kind token from him, that I might obtain an experimental knowledge of this indulgent, but gifted favour. O God, thy word tells us that thou speakest peace to those afar off, and those that are nigh. I fall at the foot of sovereignty; I am now prostrate at thy awful feet, as a poor sinner; far indeed from thee, as one cut off from thy presence. Was that prodigal gone far from thee? O, what infinite leagues am I gone from thee? Probably that prodigal was once visited by his father's smiles; but alas, to what am I sunk, who has never as yet seen thy lovely face, much less a smile. O, for a word of thy grace to enrich my soul; my soul stands tiptoe; the doors of my heart are all opened to receive the blessed message. Let some kind nuncius be sent from those brighter skies, to whisper the salubrious word to my soul; let the sun of righteousness arise upon me, till I see thee; let each beam enlighten and cheer me; I want some kind intimations from thee, some sacred promise applied to my heart; let the spirit of God resume the divinity of his office, by speaking home to my heart. When shall I hear the small still voice of his divine spirit? Though small and still, yet how alarming would it be to all the in-dwellers
of

24 THE SINNERS TEARS: OR,

of my soul. This voice no one hears but to whom it is directed; but it shall be louder than thunder to my tumultuous soul. Then peace will gloriously reign through all its darkest regions, and light, with its refulgent splendours, shall break through its darkest caverns, and more than illuminate all within. O God, let a word but drop into my listening ear; this divinity shall raise me to heaven, and this oracle shall be better than life. What is life, with her richest advantages, except sweetened with thy clemency? If thy comforts delight me, let worlds put on their richest sables, thy smiles alone shall intoxicate the sweeter passions of my soul, and thy presence shall aggrandize all her delicate powers, and thy influences shall ennoble her existence. Speak, Lord, though to a worm; one promise from thy sacred lip shall at once open to my soul the pacific janua vitæ, the gate of life. O, say to my soul, soul I will be a surety for thee, and thy Saviour, the Holy One of Israel, is my name, then shall my saved soul rejoice. Speak, O my God, and tell me in the words of the prophet, I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins; then my soul shall give thee all the glory. Make me to hear, with Mary Magdalen, to whom my Saviour said, thy sins, which are many, shall be forgiven thee; then shall my saved soul magnify the riches of thy mercy, and the wonders of thy grace. Speak the all-conquering word, say to my trembling soul, fear not, be not dismayed, I am thy God, thy shield, thine all-sufficient God; such an assurance would be of more weight than all the treasures of the skies; if Gabriel is ruler of the stars, I will never covet his post, only let this grand doctrine be proclaimed to my listening ear, I am thy God. I want no more; this alone shall dispel every cloud, remove each anxious fear, dry the

GRACE TRIUMPHANT. 25

the weeping springs of my soul, and at once invest me with robes of dignity, and open a prospect of real happiness. I enter on the fruition of everlasting peace; I pant for those parental pledges of thy love; propriety like this shall be the prime pillar of my hope and faith; without this, all religion is insipid and barren. Now to God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be all honour, might, majesty, and dominion, both now and for ever more. Amen. He goes from his field disappointed, and cries, how long shall I mourn an absent God!

O, unhallowed field, field of woe,
In vain I retreat to thy verdour;
All in vain I look to skies to know,
Their kindest loves, the gentle whisper.

C H A P. XI.

Of his return to his father's house in real despondency; taking up the Bible to read, he is again aggravated by the prophets.

O God, I read thine oracles to my woe; they all speak as one man against my sins, and account me an entire stranger to their God, as though they had no other design in view, but to act against me to their power; not a verse but seem to predict some intestine woe. If the mandate of the king be so rigorous, how severe must the king be. O God, I lament before thee the dissingenuity of a poor sinner; I sought thee, but I found thee not; yet, O Lord, I hear thou hast shewed mercy to others, and mercy is thy darling attribute; O ratify it to me. How happy those, who have thine ear and thine heart; yea, happy indeed, who are enrolled in thy book of life. O let me be thought worthy of this high honour; O that I could find thee, where shall I flee and be at rest.

rest. I will not seek a retreat to my old masters; I hate sin with a kind of perfect hatred; I love holiness for its intrinsic beauties; I love the ministers of Christ, because they are Christ's; I love the people of God, because they bear his image; but will God shew pity to me; I fear thee, lest thou lay the line to the plummet. O God, I long for that sweetest interest in thee, in which thy people may boast, an interest in God as a father; not only in common, but may I cry Abba, Father; let adoption fix the kindredship betwixt God and me. O God, let the seals of the spirit witness for me in every divine impress; communicate all the train of divine graces to my soul; let the righteousness of a Redeemer be reckoned mine; I feel an holy thirst, which many waters cannot quench; to know thee is the uppermost desire of my soul. O, every one that thirsteth, come to the waters and drink; come ye buy wine and milk without money, and without price; those are thy words, I receive them as the heavenly oracles; there is no clause of merit here, therefore I come with empty hands to receive thy gifts; I come very poor that I may receive thy riches; I come naked, that I may be clothed; I come blind, that I may be enlightened; I come as a condemned malefactor for free salvation; I come to thee most miserable, that mercy alone may enlarge me, and fix my happiness for ever; I come to thee, having nothing, that I may be conducted to thy auriferous treasures. Now to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be all honour, power, majesty, and everlasting praises, for ever and ever. Amen.

Shall not the thirsty soul be fed,
With wine and milk, and sacred bread.
Yes, they that thirst to know their God,
Shall find him true to all his word.

CHAP.

C H A P. XII.

He casteth away the Bible in a fit of dejection.

HOW is it, my hands, guilty as they are, do range those sacred pages, whilst each condemn my every action, augments the horrors of my state, and indicate to my fallen nature, that God is a consuming fire*. O that word! here confusion covers the head of every comfort, and not a prophet, not an apostle but breathes with one voice to inveigh against me. Where shall I fly for a refuge? I sink into a real stupor; where shall I begin to rehearse my sorrows? I will engrave the awful story in marble rock, that hereafter may be read in characters inviolable, to warn sinners to fly from the wrath to come.

The following verse he would have inscribed on marble rock.

Thy treasure lost, in vain my soul,
Would fly for rest from pole to pole;
'Tis past redemption, reason's cross'd,
And all my hopes in thee are lost,

C H A P. XIII.

He takes up the Bible again, and by mere accident espies a text, but could not believe there was any comfort for him.

SHALL I again court those sacred lines, and make fresh researches to aggravate my guiltiness! What are you, but stimulations to my woes.

* Heb. xii. 29.

This text he thought he saw in Prov. viii. 17. "I love them that love me, and those that seek me shall find me." After reading the text three times, he was ascertained of its truth; how the spirit of God made the text his own, by applying it to his heart, manifesting Jesus Christ to him. After this, he was near five years under divine influences.

WHAT language is this I now read; I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me; but are they in the Bible? Or don't the pensiveness of my thoughts deceive me? I will read the words again; I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me. I will read them yet once more; in the whole Bible there is not a more suitable text; I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me*. Now the spirit of God put a glory into the words, and they shined with lustre in mine eye; and the same spirit appropriated the words to my heart, and a ray of beaming glory darted into my soul, which fixed mine eyes to heaven, and I saw Jesus Christ, with intellectual eyes, most conspicuous, if ever I saw any one object with exterior optics. Now the sight ravished my heart, and with spread arms of faith, strung with affection, I embraced him; I indeed possessed him with raised admiration, I cried with acclamations of joy, my Lord and my God! Now my pains dropt at once, my guiltiness subsided, my wounds were healed, my horrors were fled; the burden removed, darkness and clouds exhaled all their gloom; now light broke forth in radiant glories, and the unclouded Son of righteousness did shine with oriental splendours. My God,

* He was at this time fourteen years of age, or thereabout, and was near five years under the most transporting joys, after this text was applied.

GRACE TRIUMPHANT. 29

what rays are those that cheer me? What sweets
 are those that suit so well my taste? What felici-
 ties are those that protract my heart? What plea-
 sures are those which attract all the sensible pow-
 ers of my soul? What waters are those that quench
 the insatiable thirst of my mental frame? What
 sacred hills are those on which I set my guilty feet?
 O hills of light, my Jesus is here; I see him in
 all his glory; his lovely face ravishes my soul;
 his sweet company enchants my heart, I am all
 ravishment; my passions are here fully employed,
 he dwells with me. I am more happy than moun-
 tains of gold, or richest gems can make me; his
 very speech captivates my soul; his personal beau-
 ties enriches every solemn thought, and awakes
 every brighter genius; I am lost in heavenly sci-
 ence, and altogether fired with extatick joys. No
 wonder to see me thus exalted, when Jesus has
 broken down the middle wall of partition, which
 separated God and me; he has broken my chain,
 burst my bands; Jesus, saith he, loves me, I love
 them that love me; and those that seek me early,
 shall find me. Sweet Redeemer, I know thou
 lovest me, and I am melted into love; I have
 found thee, indeed, to my greatest joy; I see
 thee, I feel thy spirit; I can call thee mine in all
 the exalted dignities of this ineffable interest. In-
 terest did I say, O how firm is he attached to me;
 each power proclaims aloud a risen Christ; a risen
 Christ, O rose of Sharon, thy odoriferous scent
 regales every sense; never was garden more gar-
 nished than that he entered with his disciples. O
 head of the flowery plains! O thou heavenly
 vine! What life-giving juice, emits to those thy
 branches? Happy creatures are they, who know
 thee, who are united to thee; thou hast won over
 my heart to thee; thou art my sweetest Bridegroom,
 for I am married to thee by indissoluble ties;
those

those engagements are well grounded; I have the golden ring on my finger, as a perpetual pledge of his invariable love, its motto speaks the language of his heart. I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee; O what soft pleasures make insurrection in my soul, and what objects of bliss advance to my intellectual view. Here Jesus is more than ten thousand springs to sooth my raptured senses; all his graces shine on every side, and real enjoyment inspires my heart, and leads me into thee; I am invested with my Saviour's apparel made of golden embroidery; with all gladness I enter into the palace of the King, and the King found no fault in them; my dress pleased God, God is reconciled; the frown is removed; he smiles, calls me his son; I approach him with filial satisfaction; he now with spontaneous hands refocillates my barren soul, and dews from the heavens distil in refreshing showers. I have sought and found mercy; my sins shall never condemn me; Christ my Lord has paid the dreadful debt; cancelled all my sins; taken me into his fold; made me one of his own sheep; and those shall never perish, neither shall any powers pluck them out of his hand. O what stable covenants, thou hast ratified them by precious blood; they were formed by the eternal Three, contractants of real veracity; they struck hands, and consummated each noble article; and what dignifies the account man, sinful man, is made the heir of those sacred transactions; and thou, my soul, art enlarged by this grand stipulation. O love inviolable, I am bound by those golden cords; O prison enlarged, enriched with flowery allurements. What an high-born state once a fugitive, but now of the seed royal? What but royalty, when the King of glory calls me his heir, and puts me into the fuller posses-

possession of his divine favours ! I sit with Jesus Christ by faith and union in the heavenly places ; he is become my elder brother ; he has said, it is his Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom ; by faith I walk the golden streets, and drink at the fountain head ; I am feasted at his banquet, he is gone before to prepare mansions for us ; methinks I see my name inscribed. O happy creature, he has made me the object of his mercy ; true, I expect enemies, but I am Christ's soldier ; I possess the helmet of salvation, the breast-plate of righteousness, the sword of the spirit, also the campaign shoes of the gospel, to bear me to the field of battle. O victory unconquerable, I shall bear away the ensigns of honour ; my armour is full proof against all the powers of earth and hell. What can harm me, when I am surrounded with infinity ? His perfections are engaged for me, through Christ and in him ; his very essence ineffably declares its approbation in my unspeakable happiness. I feel the virtue of his spirit, O that divine energy ; what but such a power could ever dissipate my fears, or dispel the gloom of despair ; remove every dark thought, and reveal Jesus Christ in all the suitableness of his redemption ? He came leaping over all hills to my relief ; I fell in love with his superlative beauties, his Spirit whispered my absolution, and intoxicated each hallowed sense ; my joys are raised above the stars, my powers all agree with the consenting skies ; the fermamental guests do me the honour to exhibit their primeest influences, and indicate their Creator's benevolence ; I see God in them all ; they shine upon me without reluctance ; with reconciled face discover some latent affection in the heart of their author, and even the plains and fields, in all their rural dress, carry with them a divine index, pointing out to me the wisdom and flexibility

34 THE SINNERS TEARS: OR,

flexibility of their donor, God. Each flying bird preaches signatures of love, and tells abroad the soul-salvable word, a sinner saved, a sinner saved, not a beast in the forest, but is in real peace with me, and seemingly with airs of pleasure congratulates my unspeakable happiness, and they all with singular nods bid me adieu; since I have friendships with their Creator, the very trees, with fluttering bows, exhale the sweetest gales of fragrant love, and I read with auspicious eyes, infinite wisdom, goodness, and love of God in every plant; those flowery plains cheer my heart with heavenly incense. O the joys! I am lost in a maze! I feel the flux of his Spirit! What but celestial could raise such seraphick and pectoral pleasures? 'Tis this Dove with his incumbent wings descends and generates those high-born joys; his confluences drown my retentive faculties; by faith I join hands with seraphims, unite their songs, and imbibe good part of their pleasures; nay, I please their ears, whilst unmerited grace interlace each note, and soft redemption, by a Redeemer, returns the pleasing harmony; and each cherub whispers congratulation to my new-born state, and re-excites my laboring tongue to commence afresh those songs of armies; glory to God in the highest peace; good-will towards men. O thou source of infinite delight, I am drowned in those paradisiacal joys; I sink down under the weight of those divine operations; may I borrow some foreign, but diviner tongue, more powerfully to rehearse the glows I feel, and the inexhaustible pleasures that delight me. O happy soul, I possess heaven within; I am all enclosed with the walls of paradise, and anticipate of all its sweetness; each powerful faculty receives unparallelled satisfaction; admiration and praises employ each vacant space; my soul is raised to infinite heights;

I en-

GRACE TRIUMPHANT: 33

I enjoy God in Christ most sensibly; I call him my Father by his Holy Ghost; I can shew the thousand seals, with their variety of impress.

I am in covenant with Jesus Christ; I stand on the same unalterable basis with him; I am made the happy participant of all the love of the Father's heart, who, through my Redeemer, is more dearly my heavenly Father, than any one upon earth can fix the kindredship of an earthly father. O, such an interest is more sweet than angelical; indeed, I am susceptible of more reviving cordials, through the Redeemer's human heart, than they who never stood in need of such pity; the deeper the fall, the more ravishing the restoration. I am clothed with much nobler garments, the golden embroidery of the Redeemer's righteousness. In those I often go to court, and am accepted, *Isai. lxi. 10.* I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation; he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness: there is also the garment of sanctification, wrought by the spirit of God, which fitteth and prepareth me to hold communion with heavenly objects, namely, the Father and the Son, *Isai. lxii. 4.* Thou shalt no more be termed forsaken, neither shall thy land any more be termed desolate, but thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah; that is, the Lord hath a delight in thee, as a land betrothed to him by federal union. Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God, *v. 3.* the righteousness of the Redeemer imputed gives me a most complete right and title to all the blessings of heaven; sanctification capacitates me for their enjoyment; therefore I can eat his bread, and drink of his waters; bread which comes down from heaven, and is every way suited to my new-born state. The Israelites did eat manna, which they called angels

E

food,

food, but my food is the bread of God; angels live in the sphere in which they were created, but I live by the faith of God, by which I was redeemed; they drink from celestial wells for them prepared, but I draw waters from wells of salvation for me purchased; was Bethlehem's waters desirable for their satiety, how much more are those waters for their quality? That which is dearly purchased, ought to be highly esteemed; these are salvation's streams, reviving thirsty souls; God has opened their fountain-head in the desert, that each thirsty traveller may drink larger draughts from its cooling springs. Those waters are not only fitted for exhilaration, but as well for corroboration; all the powers of the soul feel their strengthening virtue; nor is it with a little propriety they are called the waters of life, as waters are refreshing to the bodies of men in their labours; in like manner, these celestial waters invigorate the soul in her heavenly travels; those waters of life are the most enriching; they possess the soul with all the vital joys of heaven; and as they proceed from the throne of God, and the Lamb that shall still add to their eminence, they heal every malady of my soul, and under their kindly flow they give me the sweetest prelibation of the heavenly state, and an earnest of the inheritance of the saints in light. May God grant that my dear friends who shall read this little book, may labour after an interest in those blessed objects of joy and divine satisfaction, is the earnest and hearty wish of your soul's friend in the gospel.

J. G.

Blessed youths, that seek Redeemer's face,
 You find his love, and shall feel his grace;
 You seek God's mercy, and to you is given,
 The sense of mercy, and the sight of heaven.

The

The MOURNING SAINT among the
Willows, or heavenly Music regain'd.
Extracted from Psalm cxxxvii. 2.
They hung their Harps upon the
Willows in the midst thereof.

I.

I Sit a queen array'd,
Enrob'd with purple gold,
What foe shall e'er invade,
God's church that stood of old.
Chosen of God, my glory firm,
My head all crown'd with grace's gem.

1 Dignitas co-
clesiæ et insig-
nia ejus.

II.

With solemn songs of joy,
My sons strike all your notes ;
Musicians shall employ,
Their musical comforts.
Sonorous music, speaking lutes,
Sweet groves, odoriferous fruits.

2 Felicitates
ejus vulgatas
filiis ejus invi-
tat eos ad com-
vivium.

III.

With airs of polish'd joy,
Sion boasts, Sion sings ;
Nor wants the golden ray,
To feed the purer springs.
Nor doth she dream of nightly foes,
Nor dream of wrongs, nor think of woes.

3 Habet radium
aureum a coe-
lo et scaturgi-
es purissimus.

IV.

But hark, methinks I hear,
Some warlike chariot-wheel ;
As though some foe was near,
With piercing sword of steel.
O God forbid those fiercer foes,
Should hurt thy church by grace inclos'd.

4 Suspicio vera
Inimici ejus.

Ver. 1. The church's triumph.

Ver. 2. The church's privileges and her glories.

Ver. 3. The church participates of the heaven-
ly shine.

Ver. 4. The church is alarmed by enemies.

36 *The MOURNING SAINT among the Willows :*

V.

5 Illa exquirat
seipsam sed
frustra abscon-
dere.

I saw them fly with speed,
To some remoter place ;
Shook with fears as a reed,
While foes pursu'd the chase.
Prophets and saints did seek retreat,
From foes which ruin church and state.

VI.

6 Ille exquirat
vitam suam
conservare.

I fled to seek a path,
Both silent and secure ;
Whilst foes combine by oath,
To bind our bondage sure.
Retreat in vain, my soul they sought,
Inslav'd the man, that blood had bought.

VII.

7 Hypocritæ
populo Dei
sunt hostes
maximi.

— children of Edom cry'd,
Let desarts be his lot ;
His prayers be deny'd,
Or sighs that he puts up.
Let heaven and earth both combine,
To execute each life divine.

VIII.

8 Ministri et
populi captivi-
tatem feruntur

Multitudes were exil'd,
Prevailing foes do scoff ;
Saints of God villify'd,
God's prophets set at nought.
Here foes do mock, and foes despise,
The darlings of our Maker's eyes.

IX.

9 Lamentatio
ejus de inimicis
et condicione.

The inglorious proud
Has fix'd the barren shore,
We mourn enchanted ground,
Thy mercies we implore.

Ver. 5. The church is encompassed with ene-
mies.

Ver. 6. She is led into captivity, and he is
carried with her into captivity.

Ver. 7. Those Edomites were always sore ene-
mies to the people of God, and joined themselves
to the Babylonical nations to overthrow the godly.

Ver. 8. He is mocked and ill-treated with
other servants of Christ.

Ver. 9. He unites his prayers with the church
to God, that he would deliver them from the en-
chanted ground.

Or, HEAVENLY MUSICK regained. 37

New laws do pass in solemn test,
The wicked reign, the cruel bless'd,

X.

Now doth present itself,
A poor willow drooping,
Of vivid leaves bereft,
Or lest shew of blooming.
Its branches dry'd, O wretched tree,
An emblem of the church and me.

10 Ille viduus
salicem aridam
assimulat seip-
sam et ecclesi-
am ei.

XI.

Struck with horrors I cry'd,
What land is this, my God?
Poor willow sacrific'd,
To elements and flood.
Thy branches dry'd, O sordid tree,
An emblem of the church and me.

XII.

Others in goodly plight,
They stood in circled rows;
We hung our harps in fight
Of our unhallow'd foes.
Our joyful instruments do mourn,
Our harps and timbrels all unstrung.

12 Inimicos
minantes.

XIII.

Here we rehears'd our fears,
And spake of all our wrongs;
Our words were mix'd with tears,
And sighs instead of songs.
We felt each brothers woes and fears,
We join'd in love, and melt in tears.

13 Injuriæ ec-
clesiæ et la-
chrymas.

Ver. 10. He is startled at the sight of a poor drooping willow.

Ver. 11. He thought this willow was like himself and the church, who had met with ill usage.

Ver. 12. He describes the sorrowful situation of himself and the church. He saw some willows weep, they wept for man's deepest fall, and that the whole creation cannot excite him to proper solemnity.

Ver. 13. In a time of general danger the faithful should unite fellowship.

36 The MOURNING SAINT among the Willows :

14 Ministri
veri Christi et
populi Dei per-
secuti sunt a
doctoribus fal-
sis.

XIV.
All with united voice,
Descry'd deceitful guides ;
Who make not God their choice,
Nor care for Jacob's tribes.
They persecute those God did send,
Their honest lives and paths condemn'd.

15 Ministri
Christi impe-
diuntur in illis
zelo fervido
gloriâ Dei

XV.
That make Jerusalem,
The subject while they pray,
Although Edoms children
Rejoice at her dismay.
Baser still a ling'ring death,
Starv'd by degrees to rue our birth.

16 Inimici Dei
precari adver-
sum et ejus
gloria aliquan-
do officium
Christiani est.

XVI.
As weeping is our lot,
To think of Sion's case ;
Dash her foes on a rock,
Their children for her sake.
Let those be bless'd with a reward,
That smite the foe, and Sion guard.

17 Ecclesia in
purissima cultu
derisa ejus.

XVII.
Thus captives were we led,
By foes of dreadful look,
Afflictions were our bread,
Scarce waters from the brook.
They mock'd the worship of Sion's hill,
Rehearse your joys on the timbrel.

18 Ecclesia re-
sponsa.

XVIII.
Though songs are not our theme,
Yet prayer employs our tongues ;
God's promise shall redeem
Sion from all her wrongs.

Ver. 14. Men of caprice, envying and perse-
cuting the sincere, whatever be their office, they
are but wens in the church.

Ver. 15. Godly ministers, though cast out by
hypocrites, are notwithstanding a blessing to the
world.

Ver. 16. The faithful pay regard to the glory
of God, and the interest of the church, what-
ever they suffer by it.

Ver. 17. The church conquered foes blasphem-
ing, and he complains for want of bread and
waters.

Ver. 18. The church's answer. Eternal

Or, HEAVENLY MUSICK regained. 39

Eternal silence cease our tongues,
'Till Sion's joys rejoice our songs.

XIX.

Here in those desarts wild,
Dwell giants great and tall,
I thought them reconcil'd,
But soon convinc'd by thrall.
Convinc'd soon by threats and thrall,
They try'd each grace, and fought my fall.

19 *Giantes ob-
veniunt illum
qui minantur.*

XX.

Where shall I flee from those,
Giantick foes my dread,
To ease me of my woes,
That strike my comforts dead.
Give me thy joys, thy sweetest grace,
Giants and foes in vain increase.

20 *Malevolens
tiam, illorum
temit.*

XXI.

Not many days were past,
Those giants in their rage,
Pursu'd, and did me cast
Into a stony cage.
Giants furious, giants strong,
Enclos'd me in a cage of stone.

21 *In carcerem
lapidum inje-
cerunt illum.*

XXII.

Long was my lodging here,
My heart all rack'd with woes,
Each day renew'd each fear,
And nights forbid repose.
Giants and keepers of the cage,
Did darken hours, and smite the sage.

22 *Percutitur,
et alii in hoc
carcere diutur-
ne tractantur.*

Ver. 19. He is frightened at the sight of the giants, and endeavours to make his escape.

Ver. 20. He prays for God's protection, who is the only guardian of his days; and also for divine comforts.

Ver. 21. He is in a cage of stone, by the malignity of those giants.

Ver. 22. Others are put into the cage with him, and were ill treated by giants; the name of one of those giants was Ancho, because he used to bind the saints and torment them; another, called Altriplex, because he had a method of laying snares to hurt every honest man amongst us; he was a most crafty creature.

I plead.

The MOURNING SAINT among the Willows

XXIII.

23 Orat et nuncio à coelesti liberatur.

I plead his graces kind,
To hear my mournful cry,
He sent a message mild,
Left I should faint and die.
A messenger by dawn of day,
Sat me free with a golden key.

XXIV.

24 In potentiam cadit ferarum.

Numerous multitude
Of beasts of every kind,
They were both fierce and rude,
Against me multiply'd.
Some gnash their teeth, others devout
Human blood within their power.

XXV.

25 Mulier hæc ecclesia est Christi.

But hark, methinks I hear
Some female make her mourn,
Through the ambient air,
In sable shades of morn.
My God, said she, O be thou nigh,
My hope, my shield, my only joy.

XXVI.

26 Anthropophagi exquirunt illum extinguere.

Canibals seek my life,
My soul has felt the wound,
The mountains took our flight,
The well appointed ground,
We fled to hills and mountains high,
Escap'd their teeth and victory.

XXVII.

27 Anthropophagi et dracones circulant illum.

Nor long could I presume
To dwell upon those steeps,
For below dragons rule
The valleys where they sleep.
Canibals, dragons, dreadful tribe,
Planted around on every side.

Ver. 23. He was set free by a golden key; he means a divine promise.

Ver. 24. Though delivered from the cage, he is beset by wild beasts of the desert.

Ver. 25. She saw the wild beasts, and was sorely afraid.

Ver. 26. He is pursued by canibals; he delivers himself and the woman.

Ver. 27. He is molested by serpents, dragons and canibals.

Frighted

XXVIII.

Frighted I made no stay,
Soon pursu'd in my flight,
Dragons obstruct the way,
Encompass'd day and night.
Vipers and dragons, dreadful tribe;
Planted around on ev'ry side.

28 Persecutus
est ferarum:

XXIX.

Nor scarce was I forsook
By those monstrous creatures;
Wild swine, with dreadful look,
With sharp cutting tusks.
Nor had I scarce escap'd their pow'r,
Two children scream'd, whom they devour.

29 Feri apri se-
quantur illum
tamen evitat
Christiani duo
extinguntur:

XXX.

As I was sat alone,
Came a rhinoceros,
And with his forked horn,
Did make a dreadful push.
Wounded me with deep incisions,
Past the cure of all physicians.

30 A rhinoc-
erate vulnera-
tur:

XXXI.

I then did wish to die,
And languish in my gore;
I espy'd one just nigh,
With glory and with pow'r.
Said, apply this salve to thy wound,
Apply by faith, and thou art found.

31 Fere sed
divino nuncio
sanatur cum
mortuus est,

Ver. 28. He is obliged to fly from monstrous creatures.

Ver. 29. He is harrassed by wild swine; they destroy two children. Some of those swine were black, some were spotted, but in general wild, and never wearied with any hunting, though they can never be overcome; dogs can never stand before them, for they were armed with such tusks, they tear into pieces all that stand in their way.

Ver. 30. He received a great wound just under his heart, and would have proved mortal, had not a great one of the tribe of Judah, with his universal salve, healed him. The name of him that cured him was *Salvator Mundi*.

Ver. 31. This rhinoceros some think is the unicorn; it has one horn growing a little above the eyes; it is about the bigness of a large calf.

42 *The MOURNING SAINT among the Willows :*

XXXII.

32 Dæmones
saltantes, quod
facit eum de-
plorare infu-
lam.

Isle of desolation,
Sure the source of evils,
Just gain'd respiration,
I saw a knot of devils.
Devils dancing before mine eyes,
With ugly shapes and hideous noise.

XXXIII.

33 Satiri sal-
tantes.

Satyrs likewise resort,
Here in those awful wilds,
They make the isles their port,
Appearing in disguise.
Satyrs dancing in ev'ry form,
Will range the isles around them roam.

XXXIV.

34 Apparitio
umbrarum.

Nor ought we think it strange,
Because 'tis something new,
For not far did I range,
But ghosts appear'd as true.
Those kill'd by art and black designs,
Do wander up and down the isles.

XXXV.

35 Phasma du-
orum juvenum

Two youths did I espy,
With graceful countenance,
I heard them speak and cry,
Let justice influence.
Let justice rule, this was the note,
Justice, justice, as quick as thought.

XXXVI.

36 Hi juvenes
enecorantur a
fame et esurie.

Nor long could I contain,
I said what means your cry ;
I dy'd on yonders plain,
By malice and fury:

The

Ver. 32. He saw devils dancing ; he laments the isle.

Ver. 33. Satyrs resorting. Some have done wrong to define satyr from th Greek σατυρ, the Hebrew word shagnar, ye shall not offer your children to Leshegnirim, to the hairy ones, to devils who appeared like goats.

Ver. 34. Among these were no less than twenty ministers, who had their tongues cut out by one of the giants. Some call him Linguist.

Ver. 35. Two youths, who had been cruelly abused when living.

Ver. 36. He speaks to them with concern, ob-
vesthose were two young ministers.

The other said, they crush'd me sore,
I languish'd on the barren shore.

XXXVII.

What hard hearts could devise,
To ruin such sweet youths,
When grace shines in your eyes,
Espousers of the truths.
Yes, we suffer'd, not for errors,
But by those we took for brothers.

37 Ille deplo-
rat illos.

XXXVIII.

Moreover they reply'd,
Let not thine heart be griev'd,
Glory is magnify'd,
When glory is receiv'd.
Though in this state thou art confin'd,
God loves the just, his love they find.

38 Præbent
solamen illi in
conditione fu-
nesta.

XXXIX.

Nor scarce I wav'd mine eyes,
But lost the sacred sight,
Ascending to the skies,
I saw them take their flight.
O happy souls, said I, are ye,
Though once involv'd in misery.

39 Ascendunt
ad cælum.

XL.

To mountains I recede,
I kneeled down to pray,
Spiders did on me feed,
Quite mortal as they say.
A tarantula was the name,
A creature of a deadly fame.

40 Pungatur a
tarantulis
vitæ ejus ad
ducitur in dis-
crimen.

Ver. 37. He is in love with their graces, and his heart melted with sympathy for them.

Ver. 38. They endeavoured to comfort him, who is in the same situation as they once were.

Ver. 39. He saw them with pleasure take their flight to heaven.

Ver. 40. He is stung almost to death by spiders, called Tarantles; they are about the size of an acorn, having eight feet and eight eyes, and from their mouths proceed two sorts of trunks, through which they convey their mortal poison, and is to be cured only by music. OVID.

44 *The MOURNING SAINT among the Willows :*

41 A cœlesti
musica restitu-
eretur.

XLI.
Descending from those hills,
I heard the sweetest sounds,
Sweet musick strung with skill,
To charm the valleys round.
This music cheer'd my drooping heart,
Sooth'd my pow'rs, remov'd the smart.

42 Audivit a-
vum cantare
cantica omni-
um avium ali-
arum.

XLII.
To birds I lent a thought,
I listen'd to their songs,
I heard one chant each note,
Sung by those feather'd throngs.
What Choirister so well replete,
Each note so delicate and sweet.

Contemplati-
ones ejus inter
arbores,

His Contemplations under the Trees on
the Perfections of God.

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| 1 His Omniscience. | 4 His Justice. |
| 2 His Omnipotence. | 5 His Goodness. |
| 3 His Faithfulness. | 6 His Pity. |

43 De omnisci-
entia Dei.

XLIJ.
Thou seest through all disguise,
And none from thee can hide,
Nor clouds, nor mists, nor skies,
Can veil from piercing eyes.
Our foes and friends are known to thee,
Our comforts and our misery.

44 De omnipo-
tentia Dei.

XLIV.
Power belongs to God,
Heaven and earth rejoice;
Let it be known abroad,
And by the church, his choice.
He'll crush his foes at pleasure still,
Make them submit to do his will.

Ver. 41. He is cured of those mortal wounds
by heavenly music, which he heard from the hills.

Ver. 42. She is called the mock bird, she bor-
rows every note from the woods, having none of
her own; a great emblem of some professors.

Ver. 43. Omniscience.

Ver. 44. Omnipotence.

Shall

XLV.

Shall we distrust those lips,
That spake the promise sure;
Nor his covenant breaks,
Seal'd by his love as pure.
By three immutables assign'd,
Justice, truth, holiness resign'd.

45 De fidelitate Dei.

XLVI.

Thou art both good and just,
To punish haughty foes;
Thou wilt maintain thy church,
Careless of all their vows.
Those that perplex thy royal church,
Shall dread thy power, find thee just.

46 De iustitia Dei.

XLVII.

Where shall we find the name,
That with thee can compare;
Bless'd transcript without stain,
No copy drawn so fair.
Thy goodness, Lord, doth fill the globe,
And all the earth, the circl'd orb.

47 De bonitate Dei.

XLVIII.

What pity dost thou shew,
Yet more is in thine heart;
Thy love shall overflow,
And feel each tender smart.
Thy bowels move when ours but yearn,
That man by thee may mercy learn.

48 De commiseratione Dei.

XLIX.

My very days are lost,
By foes that wound me deep;
Whilst abjects make their boast,
With my eternal sleep.
Thou seest our wrongs and flowing tears,
Our mournful hearts and fervent prayers.

49 Precatur

Ver. 45. Faithfulness.

Ver. 46. Justice; he means such vows as are made against the church.

Ver. 47. Goodness.

Ver. 48. Pity.

Ver. 49. He is lamenting that his days are lost in oblivion, by the meanest of abjects, and thro' their traductions his frame shattered, and his life made miserable.

I in

46 *The MURNING SAINT among the Willows :*

L.

50 Promittitur
sibi et ecclesie
conservatio.

I in those dreadful wilds,
Lament my awful case,
Indulge me with thy smiles,
Thy presence and thy grace.
Suddain methought I heard a voice,
Sion's redeem'd, Sion rejoice.

LI.

51 Populus ac-
clamat.

I heard a shout of joys,
Which reach'd the azure skies,
Sion's sons now rejoice,
Let Sion be your praise.
With one accord they all repair,
To rear the walls of Sion there.

LII.

52 Ministri et
omnes alii a-
dunant lauda-
re deum pro
conservatione
eorum.

Melodious consorts,
Grateful music founding,
Anthems ring Sion's courts,
Artful trumpets joining.
Greatest skill alternate the choirs,
Vocal music, immortal lyres.

LIII.

53 Tripudium
sacrum.

We danc'd with stately steps,
Around the sacred place,
Flies the joys, tune our lips,
Our notes rehears'd the grace.
Round the city, ten thousand songs,
Breathing strains, with ten thousand tongues.

LIV.

54 Ministri et
populi laudant
Deum.

Here fathers join the scene,
Prophets with the renown'd,
Nor were such pleasures seen,
As Sion's sons had found.
Their prospect was in ravish'd mood,
Patriarchs and the fathers stood.

Ver. 50. He lamenteth the wilderness, but prayeth for God's presence, and the supports of his grace, and had a promise of salvation for himself and the church.

Ver. 51. The people shouteth, and praiseth God for the salvation of Sion.

Ver. 52. The melodious ode.

Ver. 53. The sacred dance.

Ver. 54. The patriarchs ode.

Breath-

Or, HEAVENLY MUSICK *regained.* 47

LV.

Breathing forth strains of love,
Now wide the signal flies,
Aspiring all above,
Banners brush brighter skies.
While the glad souls devoutly sing,
Glorious triumphs to their King.

55 Insignia eo-
rum victoria.

LVI.

I heard bells, golden bells,
all Sounding thro' the streets,
They ring, what joy excels,
Surpassing regal seats.
Round the city ten thousand songs,
Breathing strains, with ten thousand tongues.

56 Campanas
aureas reso-
nantes audit.

LVII.

Mountains of wonders rise,
My fainting breast did glow,
My heart was all surprise,
To feel such grace below.
O now shines the refulgent ray,
Sparklings of the eternal day.

57 Elatus est
laetitia inef-
fabilem.

LVIII.

Now Sion's bells do ring,
My soul with joys to cheer,
Villages join to sing,
And solemn peels they hear,
O now shines the refulgent ray,
Sparklings of the eternal day.

58 Campanas
sine sacrae re-
sonantes paga-
norum conso-
lanti.

LIX.

Happy curate thy ground,
Shall consecrate thee blest'd,
What flocks attend the sound,
Thy words of righteousness.
Thou hast no room in bright records,
But brighter still, thou art the Lord's.

59 Felix vica-
rius.

Ver. 55. The victorious ode.

Ver. 56. The excelling ode.

Ver. 57. The saints ode.

Ver. 58. Sion's ode.

Ver. 59. The happy curate.

I long

48 *The Mourning SAINT among the Willows!*

LX.

60 Vicarii officio multum delectat.

I long for thy blest'd state,
And wish to join thy bliss,
Pageantries of the great,
Should never tempt a wish.
To win the souls for whom Christ dy'd,
Should be the glory of my pride.

LXI.

61 Pagus beatus.

Those villages are blest'd,
Whose priests do preach for souls,
Priests are righteousness,
Villages blest'd with crowns.
Bells all ring to chime to the word,
Priests all zealous, chime for the Lord,

LXII.

62 Musica cedis sacre invitat eum.

Here temple music glows,
Invites us all to join,
Here springs the garland rose,
Where odours all combine.
Here our senses are regalling,
Temple music all prevailing.

LXIII.

63 Musica cedis sacre eum delectat.

I ran with joy to hear,
Each song on Sion's hill,
Her music was to cheer,
Where God delights to dwell.
Here gospel songs repleat the choir,
And music glows with sacred fire.

LXIV.

64 Personant coeli audit.

I hear the heavens ring,
Their notes exhilarate,
As turtles in the spring,
New pleasures they create.

Raise

Ver. 60. He longs for the curate's place, that he might lead sinners to Christ, by setting forth their privileges.

Ver. 61. The blessed village. Ministers that preach the gospel, do add to the glory of the church, and enoble her choirs.

Ver. 62. The influential ode, his senses are all charmed with the sweets of temple music.

Ver. 63. The attracting ode. Temple songs delightful when gospel truths join the choir.

Ver. 64. The celestial ode sublimated. We doubt not but the expansa are so fitted in their movement (to some musical consonance) to praise God.

Raise then your notes, and raise them high,
They echo from the vaulted sky.

LXV.

Musick harmonious,

Please celestial ears,

Charms all victorious,

Do crown our happy years.

Lost in amaze, my powers lost,

Pleasures celestial from aloft.

LXVI.

My faculties are bells,

They ring in lofty strains,

The spirit likewise dwells,

Assists our humble claims.

Bless'd are the souls that feel them ring,

They know the songs of Sion's hill.

LXVII.

This bell doth ring for God,

She knows what sounds the best,

She sends her joys abroad,

And brings God's word to test.

To ring for God is all her prime,

And knows her wish, and knows her chime.

LXVIII.

This bell doth wish to God,

To hear the others chime,

Subjection is her mood,

Will freely with them join.

Will rise and fall interchanging,

Sweetly ring at his commanding.

LXIX.

This is the bell of love,

And moves in the right sphere,

Of all the bells that move,

She brings up all the rear.

65 Gaudia ce-
lestia sacrae pro-
vehebant la-
crim chororum.

66 Facultates
ejus campanae
sunt.

67 Campana
sagax.

68 Campana
spontanea.

69 Campana
amatoria.

Ver. 65. Celestial music sublimated. The harmonious ode.

Ver. 66. His faculties are bells.

Ver. 67. The five ring of bells. 1. The judicious bell.

Ver. 68. The five ring of bells. 2. The voluntary bell.

Ver. 69. The five ring of bells. 3. The amorous bell.

G

She

56 *The Mourning SAINT among the Willows :*

She rings divine, and loves to hear,
Each bell to ring with solemn care,

LXX.

70 Campana
mentalis,

This bell shall ring sublime,
And cause the stars to hear,
Her challenge, his divine,
She rings the hemisphere.
She always chimes contemplation,
And rings o'er the whole creation,

LXXI.

71 Campana
religiosa,

Conscience, a bell that rings,
But makes a jarring sound,
Except blood helps her springs,
On application's ground,
When sprinkled by this precious blood,
She rings most sweet to please her God.

LXXII.

72 Campana-
rum concentus
sacrarum.

They all conspire to tell,
What noble grace has done,
They combine as one bell,
Their joys are made our own.
They ring in triumph without jarr,
A rivalry no footing there,

LXXIII.

73 Campana-
rum concentus
illustis.

Those bells are far above
The reach of human sense,
They ring precepts of love,
And always ring free grace.
Free grace has made them bells of gold,
Cast in the pure and gospel mould.

LXXIV.

74 Campana-
rum concentus
immaculatus
eorum.

Each chimes and rings so pure,
And keeps within their bounds,
All crown'd by grace's lure,
They sweetly sing their rounds.

Ver. 70. The five ring of bells. 4 The men-
tal bell.

Ver. 71. The five ring of bells. 5. The sacred
bell.

Ver. 72. The five ring of bells. Their quality
and noble peels.

Ver. 73. The five ring of bells. Their sub-
limest ringing.

Ver. 74. The five ring of bells. Their purest
ringing.

No

No fordid pleasures can compare,
A rivalship in footing there.

LXXV.

Sure ne'er such pleasures found,
In all the courts of earth,
Nor lands of deepest sound,
Such mutual joys create.
Chiming bells of heavenly birth,
Replete each breast with sacred mirth.

75 Campanarum concentus delectabilis.

LXXVI.

The dead shall hear and live,
When bells like those do ring,
The dormant saint revive,
As larks aspire and sing.
They freely chime, and freely ring,
Originate a chearful spring.

76 Campanarum concentus pellax.

LXXVII.

By birth those bells are led,
They cannot move nor ring.
Can reason raise the dead,
Or art renew their spring.
'Tis grace alone fits them for use,
And special grace must be their source.

77 Ratio est stultus pulsare has campanas non potest.

LXXVIII.

Bells of heavenly birth,
Are those which superceed,
The former have no breath,
If faith do not succeed.
Those ghostly bells will never ring,
If faith do not her graces bring.

78 Campanas coelestes sonabunt.

Ver. 75. The five ring of bells. Their pleasureable ringing.

Ver. 76. The five ring of bells. Their reviving ringing.

Ver. 77. The five ring of bells. Grace shall ring them; the faculties renovated makes them bells of gold.

Ver. 78. The five ring of bells. Fiducial ringing.

Lord

79 Campana-
rum concentus
adels.

80 Ut audierit
illas campanas
pulsare con-
stantior suppli-
cat.

81 Facultates
campanæ sunt
et sonabunt no-
bilius in eter-
nitatem.

LXXIX.
Lord give me faith that's true,
To ring those bells of gold,
Free grace alone will do,
That ancient grace of old,
Tis grace shall ring when grace inspire,
My bells of gold free grace admire.

LXXX.
Are these the pleasures, Lord,
Of those that know thy fear,
Make us those bells of gold,
That we those pleasures share.
Then we will speak our joys abroad,
And praise the grace that rings for God.

LXXXI.
Those bells shall ring sublime,
When rais'd to nobler spheres,
Inviting all to join,
Shall crown eternal years.
Here bells shall move, and chime along,
The golden streets, the crouded throng.

Ver. 79. He shews that nothing short of co-
operative grace will be effectual to ring those bells, not-
withstanding they are bells of gold.

Ver. 80. He shews that man's natural faculties,
though of a ghostly quality, yet nothing short of
the spirit of God can make them bells of gold.

Vor. 81. Perpetual ringing.

